

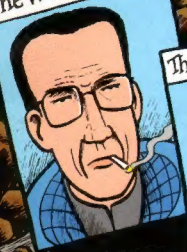
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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

MAR. '97  
#15

# ZERO ZERO

This ish  
includes  
'CHRISTMAS  
with  
KARADZIC'  
starring  
(in order of  
appearance):

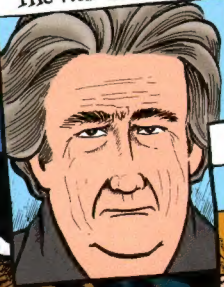
The War Reporter



The Other War Reporter



The War Criminal



The War



0 74470 88869 3



# Callier in "LOVE FLOOD"

WINTER ON THE HIGH PRAIRIE IS NO JOKE!

GASP! I CAN'T HEAT THE PLACE ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN LIFE!

SWEATING FROM FEVER AND YET FREEZING!

THIS SICKNESS AND EXTREME COLD SHIT IS WHAT BROUGHT GOGOL DOWN!

THE OVER-COAT

I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME-PLACE WARM WHERE I CAN WORK!



IN ANY COMMUNITY THE HARBOR OF LAST REFUGE FOR THE BOOKISH ECCENTRIC IS THE NEWSPAPER! A CLIMATE-CONTROLLED CORNER WAS SECURED-BUT AT WHAT COST?

MY GOD-I'M ABOUT TO DRAW A CARTOON ABOUT A POTHOLE!



D-FIFTEEN! THIS PROJECT IS GONNA CHANGE THE ECOLOGY OF THE WHOLE RIVERBANK, AND YOU BURY MY STORY BACK AT PAGE D-FUCKIN' FIFTEEN?!!

I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T JUST GAS IT!

NOBODY WANTS TO READ ABOUT YOUR STUPID CONDOMINIUMS!



A PUBLICATION IS A STORMY SEA OF CHURNING EGGS THAT CAN SUCK YOU IN!

I'VE GOT MY SPOT EVERY DAY ON THE THIRD PAGE, BUT THERE'S TALENTED PEOPLE WORKING HARD ON STUFF THAT DON'T GET IN!

THEY MUST HATE ME!

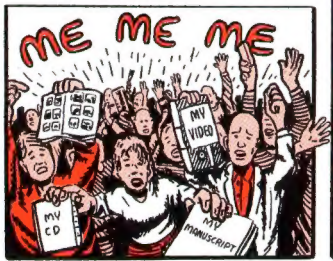


THAT'S JUST ONE NEWSPAPER! THEN THERE ARE PEOPLE WITH NO ESTABLISHED OUTLETS, PEOPLE STARVING-STARVING FOR ATTENTION!

THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM THE UPROAR! YOU COULD LIVE AT THE NORTH POLE AND YOU'D STILL FEEL THE PRESSURE!



PRESSURE OF THE SORT THAT HAS RESULTED IN PHYSICAL ATTACKS ON EACH OTHER BY RIVAL MUSIC ARTISTS RECENTLY! AND IT'S ALL A QUEST FOR LOVE OR, AS SOME PEOPLE SAY, RESPECT!



AND SO, HAVING REACHED THE POINT WHERE ITS TECHNICALLY POSSIBLE TO FEED AND SHELTER OURSELVES, THE SPECIES TACKLES -WITH THE AID OF CHEAP VISUAL AND AUDIO RE-PRODUCTION-THE NEXT ITEM ON THE HUMAN "NEEDS" LIST: UNIVERSAL LOVE & ACCEPTANCE

A-A-AH! DON'T GO HOME UNTIL YOU'VE CORRECTED THIS. THE LANGUAGE DOESN'T CONFORM TO OUR STYLEBOOK!

OHH-I JUST WAN' MY SUPPER! THIS COPY EDITOR BUT ALWAYS BURNS MY ASS!



TH'HELL WITH IT-I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL TRY FOR SYNDICATION!!

THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO UNDERSTANDS ME ME ME!





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# It's Not Too Late to Reply

BY  
BRUCE CHRISLIP  
~ ART BY ~  
DAVID LASKY

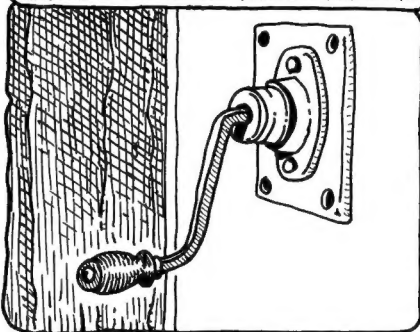
WHO BUILT THE PYRAMIDS?  
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW THEIR NAMES.  
SUCH INFORMATION FADES AS TIME PASSES...



WHO WAS  
MR. FROHNDEWAR?  
HE LIVED HERE. ONCE.  
IN THE SAME HOUSE MY  
WIFE AND I LIVE IN NOW.



HE DIDN'T BUILD THE PYRAMIDS.  
BUT HE PUT CRANKS IN THE WALLS TO  
RAISE AND LOWER THE WINDOW AWNINGS.

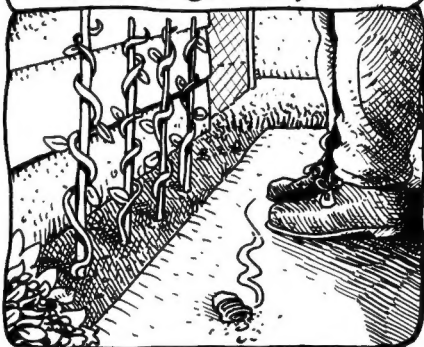


WHO WAS HE?  
HE LEFT CIGAR BUTTS  
IN THE YARD BEFORE  
HE SHUFFLED OFF

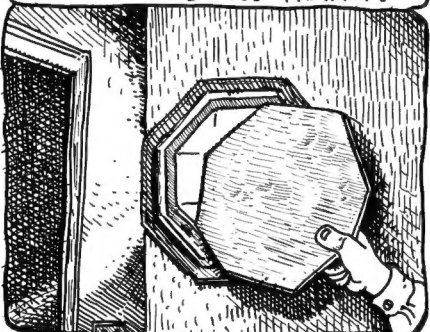
HIS  
MORTAL  
COIL.



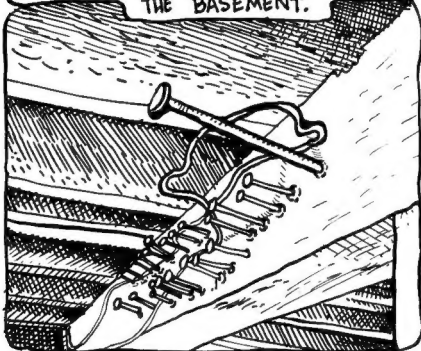
AND THEY SAY HE USED TO GROW  
POLE BEANS. OUT IN THE BACK YARD.



WHY DID HE CUT THE OCTAGON-SHAPED  
PIECE OF CARDBOARD TO COVER THE  
WINDOW BY THE DOOR? PRIVACY?



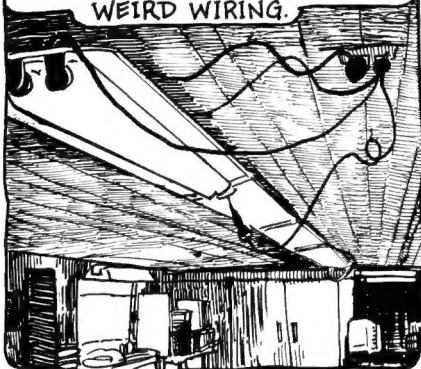
HE WAS AN EXCELLENT CARPENTER AND BUILT MANY FINE CABINETS. AND YET NAILS ARE HAMMERED INTO EVERY SURFACE IN THE BASEMENT.



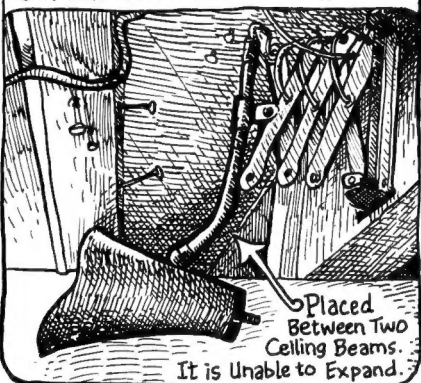
SOME NAILS WERE HAMMERED INTO THE CHERRY TREE. → A COMPULSION? IF THAT HAMMER COULD ONLY TALK!!



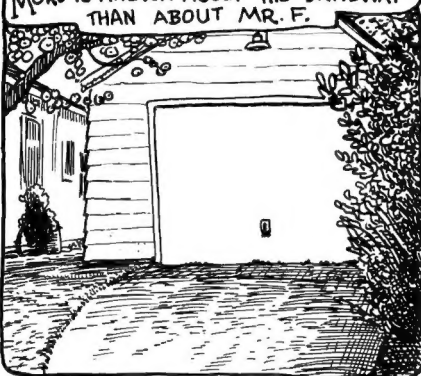
SOME BASIC ELECTRICAL CONCEPTS ELUDED HIM. CHECK OUT THIS WEIRD WIRING.



OR HOW ABOUT THIS LIGHT FIXTURE?



HE KEPT BUILDING PERMITS FROM 1939. MORE IS KNOWN ABOUT THE DRIVEWAY THAN ABOUT MR. F.



HE'S GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN BY POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE. THEY WANT HIM TO RESUBSCRIBE. DO THEY KNOW SOMETHING THAT WE DON'T?



# CHRISTMAS

with

# KARADZIC

by Joe Sacco

What we were into those glorious days as the air went out of the war was Freedom of Movement. We wanted to move, man, as fast as possible, from point A to point B, to cross swathes of territory, to C, D, and E, too, in single unqualified bounds, Kasey especially

Kasey was waging a one-man interpretation of the Dayton accords and their promise of Freedom of Movement, and Kasey no longer did checkpoints...

the Bosnian soldiers would hold up their lollipops—

and Kasey would rocket by!

The audacity of those bastards!

Hadn't they heard of IFOR?!

the Dayton accords?!

Freedom of God-damn Movement?!

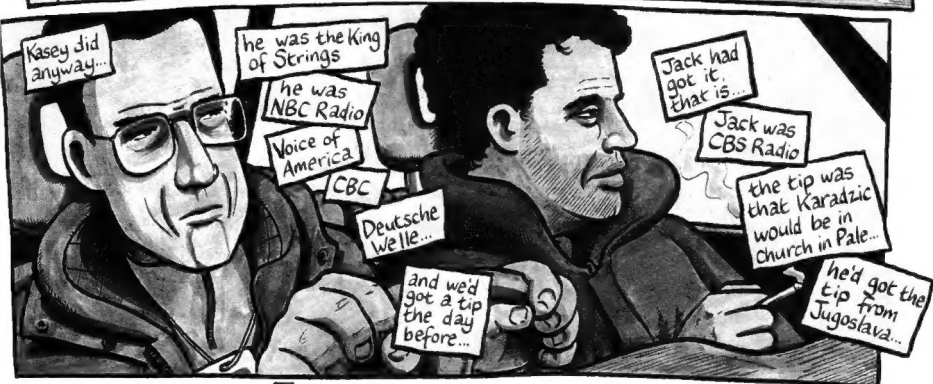
THOSE GUYS SHOULDN'T BE THERE! THAT IS A CHECKPOINT! TELL ME THAT ISN'T A CHECKPOINT!



Of course, we'd stop for the Frogs on the confrontation line, the Frogs were IFOR, they had every right to see our press cards...

We'd 'bonjour' and 'merci' them 'cause what Frogs want more than anything in this world is bowing and scraping in their language... God I hated the Frogs, but that's another story...

It was Orthodox Christmas, seven in the morning, and to Pale... we wanted Karadzic, the President of Republika Srpska, the leader of the Bosnian Serbs, to dangle a microphone in front of his snout...



Kasey did anyway...

he was the King of Strings

he was NBC Radio

Voice of America

CBC

Deutsche Welle...

and we'd got a tip the day before...

Jack had got it, that is...

Jack was CBS Radio

the tip was that Karadzic would be in church in Pale...

he'd got the tip from Jugoslavia...



Jugoslava  
was Republika  
Srpska TV...

and on  
our visit  
to Pale  
the night  
before  
we'd all  
got an  
eyeful of  
her tremen-  
dous miniskirt  
and bottoms as  
she led us  
up the stairs  
to the Minister  
of Information...

she  
was a  
number  
all right,  
a wiggling  
pile of  
lipsticked  
trash  
(and I  
mean that  
as High  
Compliment)

and we  
were  
praying  
for more  
stairs,  
for more  
miniskirt  
and bot-  
toms, but  
we got  
only two  
flights'  
worth before  
she ushered  
us into the  
office of  
Mr. Dragan  
Bozanic...

We wanted  
Karadzic,  
we told him...

when would  
Karadzic be  
celebrating  
Christmas?

and  
could  
we tag  
along?

In a for-  
mer life  
of Dragan  
had been  
a good  
Yugoslav,  
a commie...

he was  
still an  
atheist

he had no  
clue when the ser-  
vices were  
he thought  
maybe  
tomorrow  
morning at  
five...

and  
then he  
wanted  
to know  
something-

HOW DID  
YOU GET  
TO PALE?  
DO YOU  
HAVE PER-  
MISSION?

Nope, we told  
him, we drove  
right through!  
Freedom of  
Movement!  
"It's a different  
world," we said  
cheerfully...



Poor fellow, that was the last thing he wanted to hear... He was a dejected minister, a sad Serb... Serbs were sad in those days... three and a half years' carving out a nation gobbling, digesting, and spitting out bones, and now what?



Republika Srpska was all but on the block... its one-time benefactor Milosovic, neighboring Serbia's president, had brought his pen to Dayton and signed away the parts of Sarajevo held by the Serbs... the handover to the Bosnian government was just weeks away, but Dragan - who was from Sarajevo himself - still harbored vague and pathetic hopes...



Kasey had no time for such fantasies.

EVERYTHING CAN CHANGE UNEXPECTEDLY

Kasey told him point blank the world didn't give a rat's ass about the Serbs.

and why?

'cause the international press had to pass through the eye of a needle to get into Republika Srpska...

You guys blew it, Kasey told the minister...

any press would've been good press...

WHY DIDN'T YOU PLAY THE GAME? WHY DIDN'T YOU ENGAGE?

We answered that one for him: 'cause of Sonja, that's why! She was Queen Cunt of Republika Srpska, Wicked Witch of Pale's International Press Center, and apparently a real fatty... she'd kept journalists out...



THERE'S MANY WHO SAY SHE'S DONE MORE DAMAGE TO THE SERB CAUSE THAN ANY OTHER PERSON.

and specifically we blamed her for frustrating our access to Grbavica, a Serb-held part of Sarajevo where, we informed him with relish, they hated her guts...

The poor minister, it looked like he could use a hug... if it were up to him, he said, fellahs like us could come and go no problem... but Sonja... well, Sonja wasn't your typical

every day Princess No... She was, in fact, the Very fruit of President Karadzic's loins, his little girl, y'get me? his daughter... which made it sticky for the minister, who

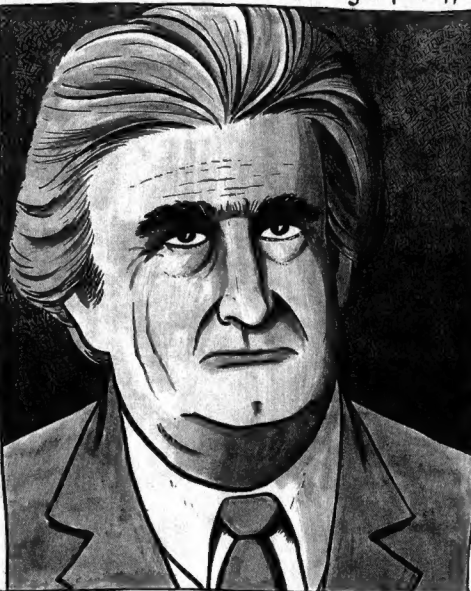
promised nevertheless he'd "find a way" to open things up... but if he succeeded, he told us, Republika Srpska had better get some good press 'cause —



— IF THE PICTURE DOESN'T CHANGE FOR THE BETTER, I AM GOING TO BE CHANGED...

Admittedly, the picture of Bosnia's rebel Serbs didn't look too good in those days... it looked like fucking hell, if you want to know the truth, like that thing locked away in Dorian Gray's attic, degenerating through successive layers of ugliness with each new outrage... but, anyway, we hadn't come to help Dragan pull off an 11th-hour make-over...

We'd come to sniff out Karadzic who'd been lying kinda low those days, in the back seat, in fact, while Milosovic did the driving for Bosnia's Serbs... Karadzic, y'see, was Numero Uno on one too many shit lists... not only had he been bypassed during the Dayton negotiations, but he was barred from elections slated for later in the year... and just the day before Kasey had heard an IFOR officer refer to him as a "non-person"...



Gone, it seemed, were the heady days when Karadzic warned that Bosnia would go down a "highway of hell" and its largest national group, the Muslims, might "disappear" if Bosnia pursued independence and didn't let its Serbs remain in a disintegrating, Serbian-dominated Yugoslavia... Serbs could no longer live together with Muslims and Croats, he'd declared, and his nationalist forces began liquidating and expelling non-Serbs from their breakaway Republika Srpska to make the point forever...

For Sarajevo, Bosnia's most ethnically mixed and intermarried city, he (more magnanimously) proposed a wall to separate peoples who'd lived cheek by jowl for 500 years... he wasn't going to get his way without a fight, so he surrounded the place with artillery and tanks, and—well, he'd been quite clear about the matter: "Sarajevans will not be counting the dead," he'd said. "They will be counting the living."



This from a man who'd lived in Sarajevo since his late teens, who'd studied and married there, who'd been team psychiatrist for a city soccer club... And though some have posited his alienation from the urban elite due to his peasant roots, his Muslim neighbors remembered, with a certain fondness, a kind, friendly man who mingled like everyone else...

Sarajevo had since gone down his "highway of hell," but the war's course had shifted, and finally the West had added some weight against him... and now his rebel Serbs weren't going to get any. Sarajevo, the Dayton accords made that clear...



Still, ol' Dragan discounted the rumblings, even in the rebel Serb community, that Karadzic could no longer protect its interests.

HE IS STILL OUR LEADER. HE IS STILL THE BIGGEST HIS NEXT CLOSEST RIVAL IS 300 METERS BELOW.



A few minutes later the phone was ringing. It was Sonja Karadzic, Big Daddy's girl, the Queen Cunt herself...



One thing I failed to mention: Like the minister we weren't quite sure of our legal status in Republika Srpska right then, especially Kasey, who—fire-breathing rankings about Freedom of Movement aside—thought we might very well be thrown in the clink...



worse, that his recently purchased Toyota Carina would be impounded...

WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE.

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO ARREST US.

IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.



The minister got off the blower... Sonja wanted our asses over at the International Press Center pronto...

Dragan gave us directions

THAT IT?

that was it, all right, the place was labelled...

so we knocked and guess what

the upstairs light went off!

we pounded!

**HELLO!  
HELLO!**

believe me, we wanted to get legit...

We wanted papers, signatures, the whole works rubber stamped and laminated in triplicate!

THEY DON'T WANT TO OPEN.

we knocked! we pounded! we shouted some more!

we gave it five minutes

We drove back to the minister's I was beginning to feel sorrier for the dude. He'd hoped he'd seen the last of us. I mean, even a godless ex-commie probably expects a little slack on Christmas Eve.

OKAY, IF YOU WANT TO TRY COMING IN THE MORNING, COME BUT PLEASE TRY TO EXERCISE CAUTION

WELL, IF WE GET THROWN IN JAIL, WE KNOW WHO TO CALL



Next thing we were in some hallway waiting on Jugoslava.

we humbly wished to extend her an invitation to dine..

we wanted to express our appreciation for the Karad... tip

yesiree

not to mention her mini-skirt and bottoms



we waited

we gave her five minutes



On the way back to Sarajevo Jack and Kasey continued to sing her praises while beautiful red tracers arced romantically for the full moon...

and let me point out an unwritten rule among us concerning the boffing of Serb nationalists:

You don't make it with a Chetnik

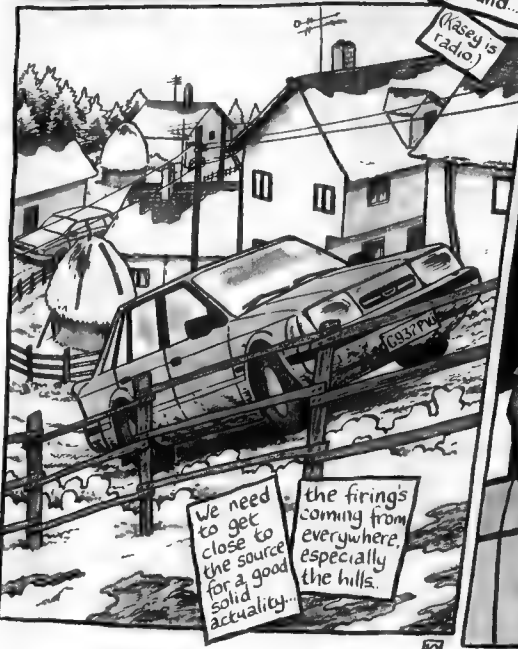
In this case, however, Jack was prepared to make it with an exception

and even Kasey was getting philosophical

YOU TAKE HER OUT OF HERE, YOU TAKE HER TO CALIFORNIA — SHE WOULDN'T BE A CHET









I'M  
GETTING A  
LOT OF GOOD  
FUCKING BIRD  
NOISES CHICKEN  
NOISES...

I NEED  
JUST ONE  
GOOD MACHINE-  
GUN BURST

No doing.  
we push  
off...

WHICH  
WAY IS IT  
COMING  
FROM?

LET'S  
GET AS  
CLOSE TO IT  
AS WE  
CAN.

ARE WE  
DRAWING  
ATTENTION  
TO OURSELVES  
OR WHAT?

IF I WAS THE POLICE,  
I'D ARREST  
US UP  
HERE.

THEY  
DON'T HAVE  
SOMETHING  
LIKE 'NEIGH-  
BORHOOD  
WATCH'?

COME  
ON!

SHOOT!

FUCKERS!

WILL  
SOMEONE  
OPEN UP WITH  
A MACHINE  
GUN OUT THE  
WINDOW!!

THIS  
IS BULL-  
SHIT!



WE'RE  
JUST BEING  
VERY UNLUCKY  
THIS MORNING.  
THAT'S WHAT'S  
HAPPENING..



WE'RE  
NOT DRAWING  
ATTENTION TO  
OURSELVES  
ARE WE?



WE  
HAVE  
TO WAIT  
FOR THIS  
CAR.



YOU  
COCK-  
SUCKER!



GET OUT  
OF HERE  
WITH YOUR  
FUCKING  
OPEL PIECE  
OF SHIT!







We took  
back to the  
center of  
Pale, and  
right across  
from the  
church Kasey  
finally gets  
a Grade-A  
actuality...



Next, the  
church bells  
start peal-  
ing... Kaseys  
getting  
some good  
sound now...

Then his  
luck goes  
exponential...  
he learns  
that  
Karadzic  
will be  
attending  
the nine  
o'clock  
service...

HERE?  
IN AN  
HOUR?

HERE.  
IN AN  
HOUR.



In an  
hour!

which means  
we've got  
time for  
coffee!

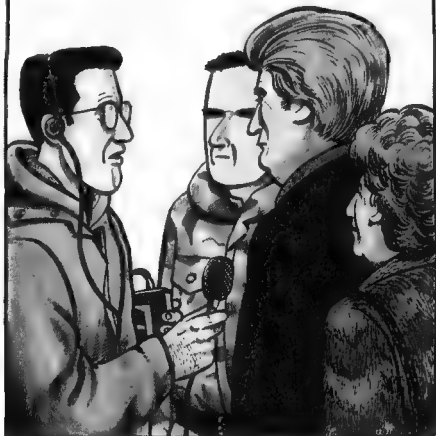
who's got  
cigarettes?

CAN YOU  
IMAGINE A RADIO  
INTERVIEW WITH  
KARADZIC? HE HASN'T  
BEEN SEEN IN A  
LONG TIME... DO  
YOU THINK HE'LL  
TALK?

HE  
LIKES TO  
TALK. HE LIKES  
TO HEAR  
HIS OWN  
VOICE.



Kasey's in command, he steps up and asks Karadzic if he'll answer a few questions... Karadzic is generous, he gives Kasey six minutes...



And Karadzic? He's dignified. He speaks English well enough... There's no big fuss in the small crowd around us, not even much security, it's just Mr. K going to church...



I feel nothing intimidating about his presence, nothing extraordinary about this man indicted by the International War Crimes Tribunal for crimes against humanity, a man I have despised with all my heart for years...



During the service, I keep looking over at him waiting for something to sink in, but it never does...

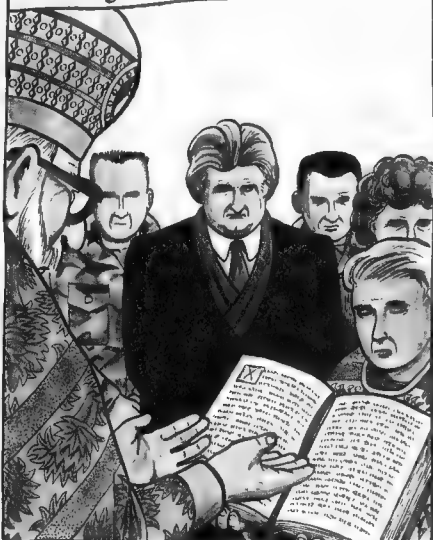




not the rapes, not the concentration camps, not the "cleansing," not the throats slit and the bodies dropped into the Drina, not the prisoners machine-gunned in their thousands and dumped into mass graves, nor the boggling amount of other corpses and crimes that lie at this man's feet...



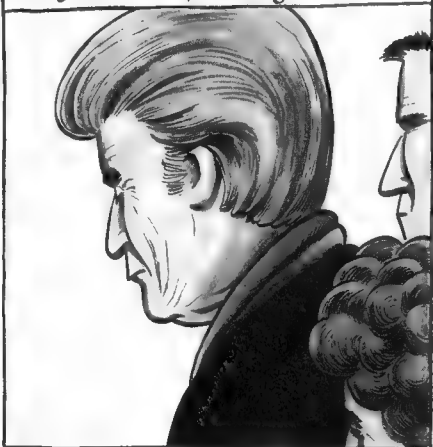
It's too much, of course, or, rather, he's not enough...



So I start again...



I focus on something specific, something I've told you already, what he said early in '94 during one of modern memories most notorious sieges and bombardments of a civilian population center, Sarajevo, his adopted city...



"Sarajevans will not be counting the dead,"  
he'd said. "They will be counting the living."



I repeat it to myself over and over: I  
chant it, trying to conjure up something  
about this man that will help refill me with  
loathing now that I am finally in his  
presence..



"Sarajevans will not be counting the dead,"  
they will be counting the living."

"Sarajevans will not  
They will be counting

will not be counting the dead  
be counting the living."

"Sarajevans will not be count  
They will be counting the de

We leave  
about  
half an hour  
through  
the  
service...

We're  
congrat-  
ulating  
Kasey!

Kasey did it!

Now Kasey  
and Jack are  
congratulating  
each other!

IT WAS  
YOUR TIP!

YOU DID  
THE INTER-  
VIEW!

YOU CAN  
USE THE  
TAPE!

It's a CBS-  
NBC lovefest!

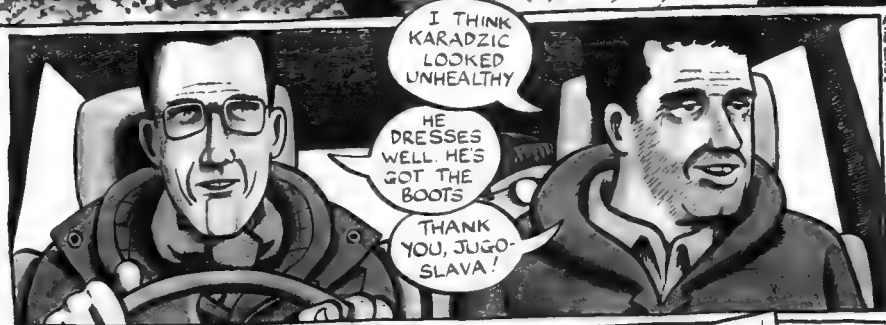




DID YOU SEE MY FUCKING LEFT LEG SHAKING?

WHEN THAT STOPPED, MY RIGHT LEG WAS SHAKING.

SAME THING HAPPENED WHEN I INTERVIEWED MILOSOVIC!



I THINK KARADZIC LOOKED UNHEALTHY

HE DRESSES WELL. HE'S GOT THE BOOTS

THANK YOU, JUGO-SLAVA!



Ah, we'd almost forgotten the lovely Jugo slava!

Jack announces he liked the way her mini-skirt rode up high on her waist...

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A GIRL'S ASS UNTIL YOU KNOW WHERE IT BEGINS

Indeed, and we rocket out of there

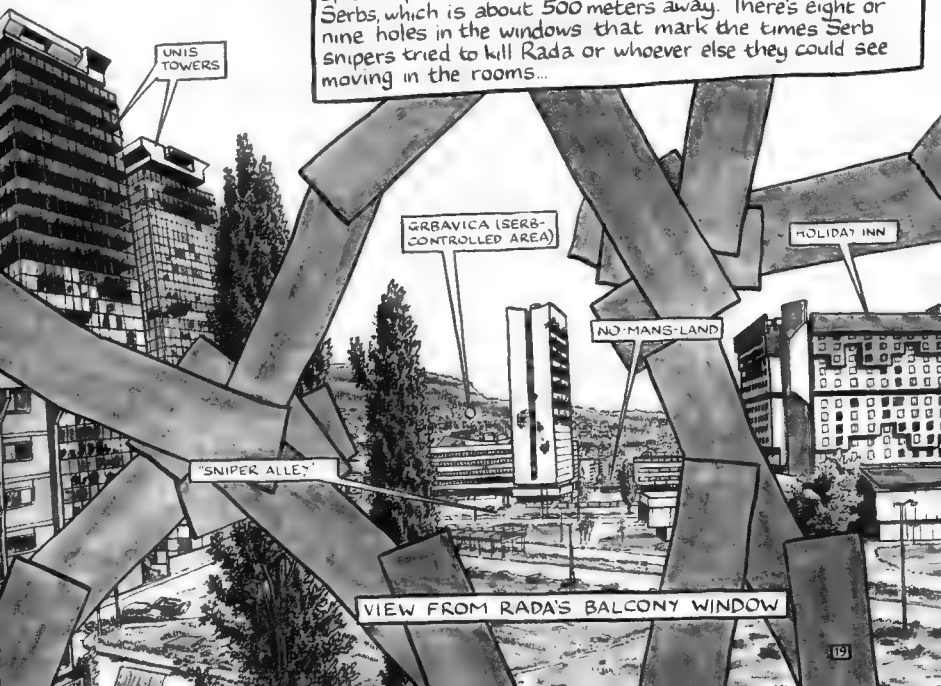
it's 15, 20 minutes to Sarajevo.

Jack wants a big fucking breakfast at the Hotel Bosnia...

Kasey wants to get back to his place and file...



Under the circumstances, it's a very good place. One side of the apartment faces Grbavica, the area held by rebel Serbs, which is about 500 meters away. There's eight or nine holes in the windows that mark the times Serb snipers tried to kill Rada or whoever else they could see moving in the rooms...







The apartment next door to her sister's was also destroyed by shelling...



Once a cannon shell barely missed her brother-in-law as he slept on the couch in the family room...



When Sarajevo counted its dead, the total was more than 10,000...



After we've eaten they turn on Pale TV to see what the other side is broadcasting. It's the Christmas service I attended in the early morning... Mostly the camera focuses on Karadzic, but when it pans around the congregation I can see myself ducking out of the way.



I suppose I was a little embarrassed to be seen with him but I'd felt nothing more in his presence nothing, not revulsion, not loathing, no matter how hard I'd tried.



In fact, going to see him was the most fun I'd had at Christmas in years.

# Tales of DEEP IRONY



P. Revess

DEEP IN THE  
HEART OF DARK-  
EST TRANSYL-  
VANIA IN THE  
RCA BUILDING

HA HA HA HA! THIS SERUM I AM  
DEVELOPING WILL GIVE ME THE  
STRENGTH OF TWENTY MEN!!

ANTON! YOU THINK  
ONLY OF YOUR  
POTION, AND  
IGNORE WHAT  
DANGERS IT  
MAY BRING  
YOU!  
ESPECIALLY IN A  
NARRATIVE FULL  
OF IRONY, LIKE  
THIS ONE.

NONSENSE!...IN ORDER  
TO DEVELOP MY SERUM,  
I HAVE HAD TO GAMBLE  
AWAY MY ENTIRE SAVINGS!  
WHAT? A KNOCK! ILSA,  
GO ANSWER THE DOOR!

BUT...  
YES, ANTON!

HELLO! I'M THE BLACK  
KNIGHT, AND I'M HERE  
FROM ANOTHER COMIC!

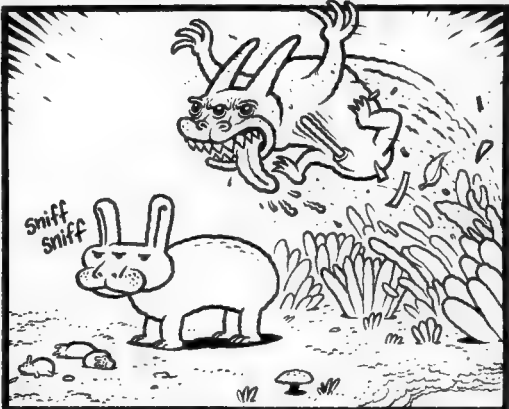
GO AWAY!  
I'M DRINKING  
SERUM HERE!

AAARGH!...IT'S WORKING!!  
I CAN FEEL IT... GIVING ME THE  
STRENGTH OF TWENTY MEN!!

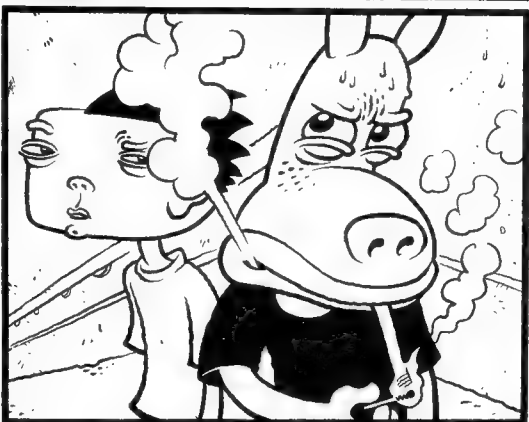
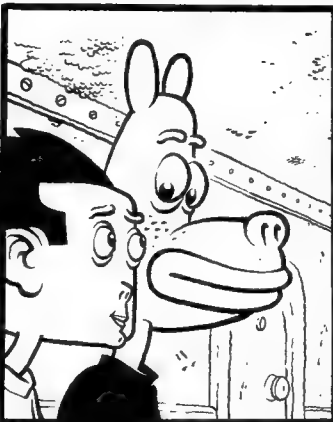
BUT

ANTON, THERE ARE  
TWENTY-FIVE MEN AT THE  
DOOR WHO WANT TO BEAT  
YOU UP!!

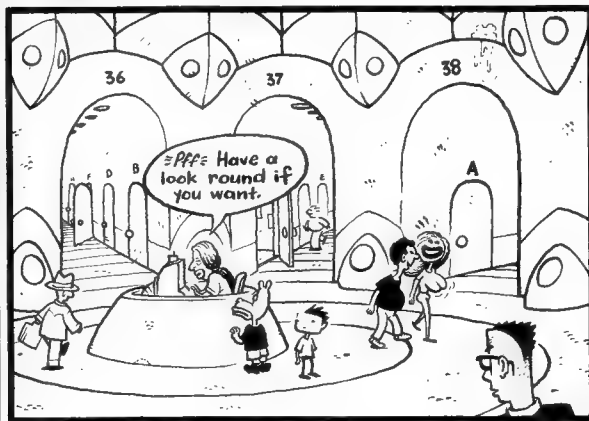
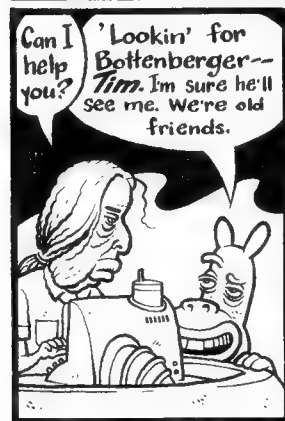
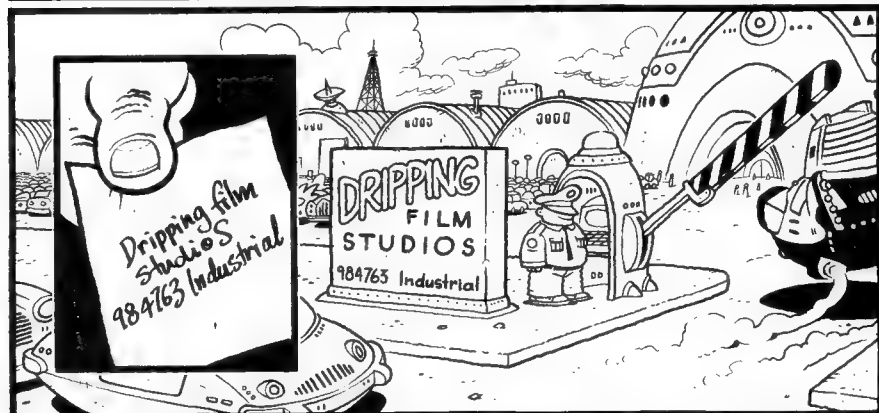
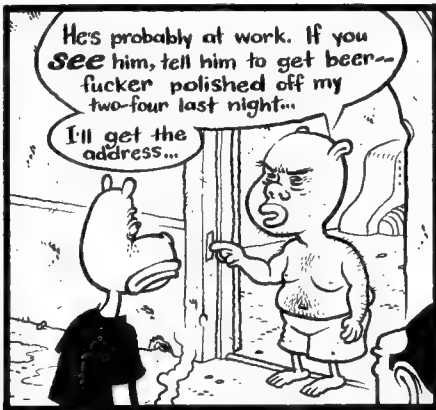
FEETS, DON'T  
FAIL ME NOW!

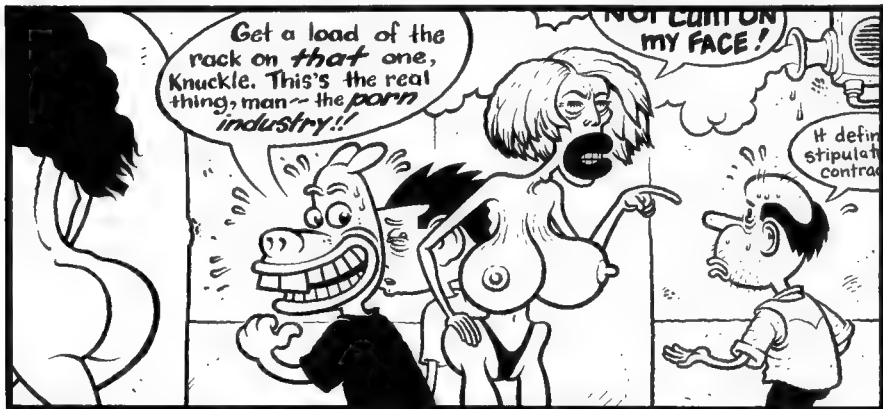
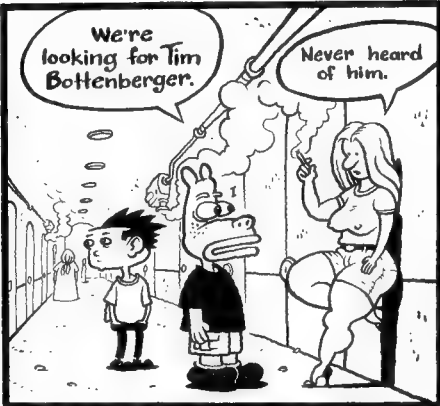


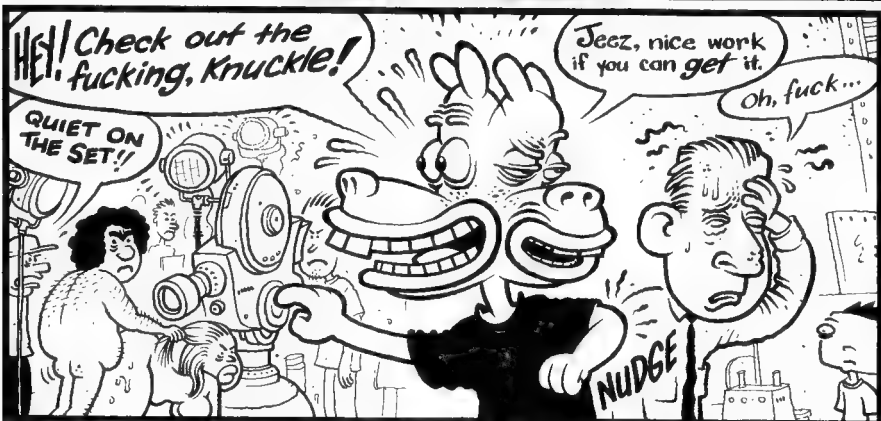


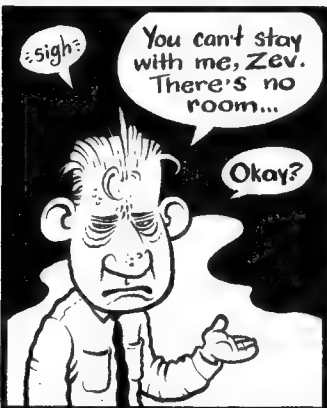












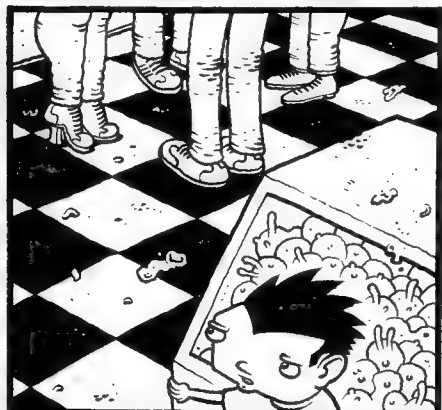
**TIM!**

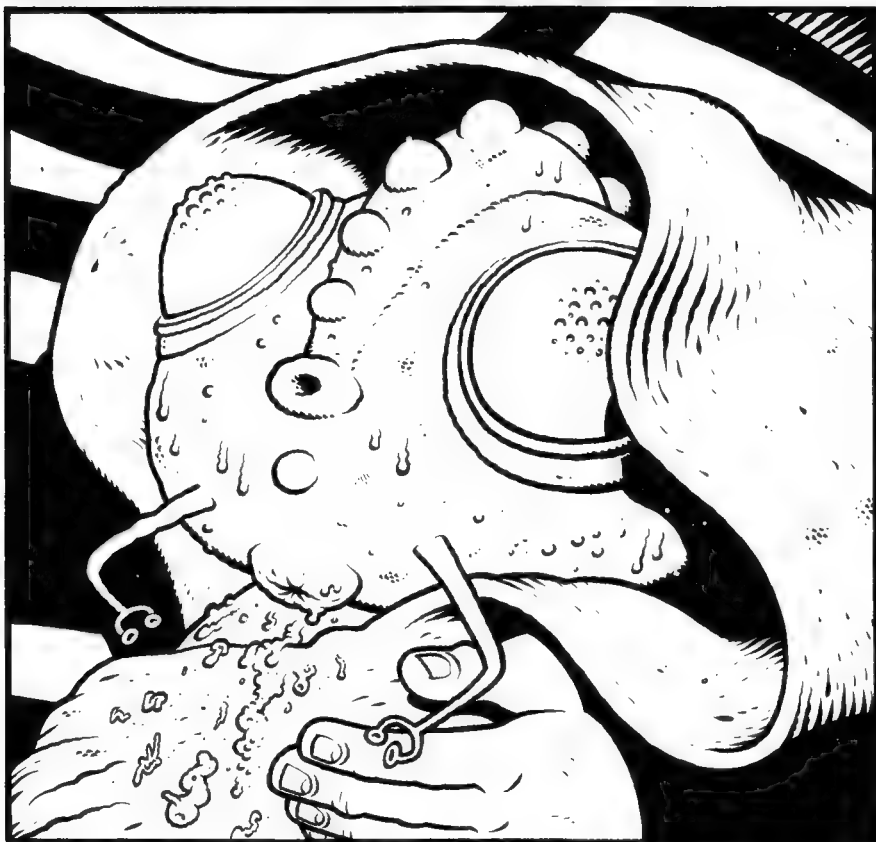
Tell your little friends  
they need visitor's passes to  
be here. Otherwise they  
can go whack off some-  
place **ELSE!!**

**CAPICHE?**









TO BE CONTINUED.

# GIRLY STAMP

YES, I'D LIKE A SHEET  
OF EMILY DICKINSON  
STAMPS, PLEASE!

THANK YOU!

HAVE A GOOD DAY!  
HOPE THE MISSUS  
ENJOYS THE STAMPS!

OH, BUT YOU ARE MISTAKEN,  
KIND SIR! THESE STAMPS  
ARE FOR ME TO USE FOR  
MY VERY OWN LETTERS!

YOU USE **GIRL** STAMPS?

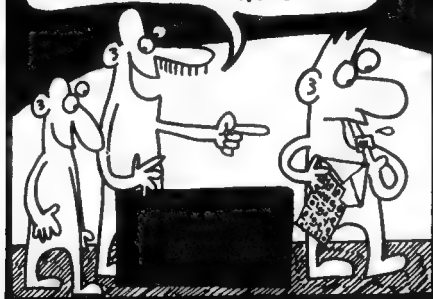
**GIRL**  
STAMPS?

# GUY

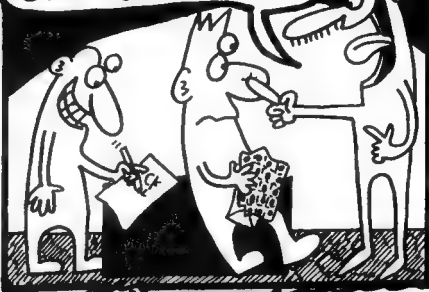
SAM HENDERSON  
BY  
27 APR  
1996



HE'S LICKING IT! LOOKIT!  
HE'S LICKING A GIRL STAMP!



GIRLY STAMP GUY!  
GIRLY STAMP GUY!!



OOOH! YOU LIKE  
LICKING GIRLY  
STAMPS?

YOU WANT A  
SYLVIA PLATH  
STAMP  
TOO?



I'D LIKE SOME ERNEST HEMINGWAY  
STAMPS AS WELL, PLEASE!



I SURE LEARNED  
MY LESSON!



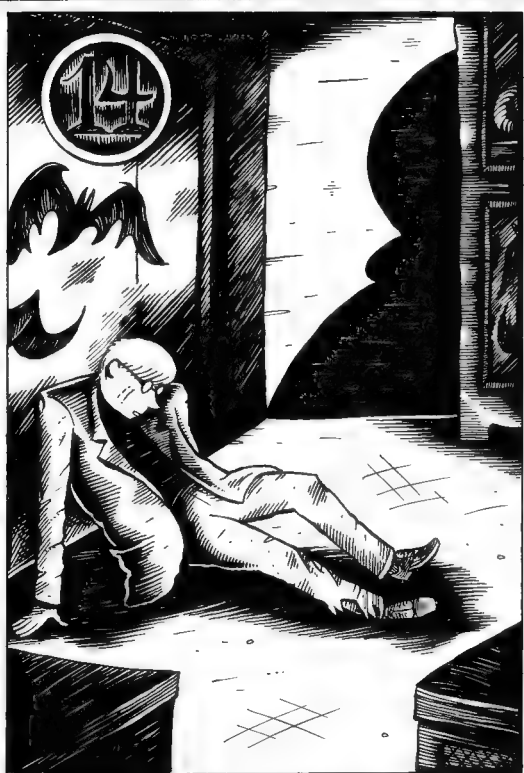


# the Chuckling Whatsit

© 1996 Richard Sala

## Previously ~

Broom, in Crow's Creek digging into the life of outsider artist Jarnac, learns about Celeste from Dr. Vogardus, and has an unsettling experience in the old windmill, during which he finds ~ then loses ~ the peculiar hanging doll. That same night he encounters the mysterious Mr. Ixnay ~ and ignores a warning to stay in his room. Grabbed by some members of G.A.S.H., Broom is rescued by Ixnay and his agent, Mia Moray, but soon runs into trouble again.







Mr. Broom, I am Septimus A. Crisp. Mandrill and I ~ we mean you no harm. We wish only one thing: The location of a certain hand-made object ~ a figure with a noose around its neck.



~ It makes a little chuckling sound ~

~ when you jostle it. I know, I know ~  
Jeez! Somebody else who wants a \*@&\*! doll made by a crazy person!



Jarnac didn't make it! He stole it! That "doll" is an antique, a relic!



Of course, Jarnac ~ or someone ~ made all those other "dolls" ~ but not the one that chuckles! That one is ~ special. Mr. Broom, it's a thing of evil!



For years I've been searching for it. Now I'm so close. If you know where it is, you must tell me!

Tsk! Forgive my ill manners. I can see you are exhausted, famished. ~ Mandrill! Fetch Mr. Broom some nourishment.



= grunt =  
... fetch ...

Mr. Broom, I don't expect you to understand, ~ but somewhere an old man ~ a very old man ~ sits in a tower on one of the world's highest peaks and waits for the return of the object you call "a doll." He's been waiting for a hundred years.

= moan =  
Yeah ~  
Whatever.

Excuse me. I do so hate to interrupt this fascinating chitchat, but my business is urgent.

scribble  
scribble

Evil! I sense the presence of evil!  
Mandrill! Mandrill!

Miss Honeymoon ~

Yes, sir.

BANG BANG  
BANG

Aaargh!

Come here, you! You've been a pebble in my shoe long enough!

UKP!

Where is that blasted manuscript?

And please be quick. It's been days since Muldavo here has tortured anyone to death and he's become rather antsy.

clack  
clack

Yummy!

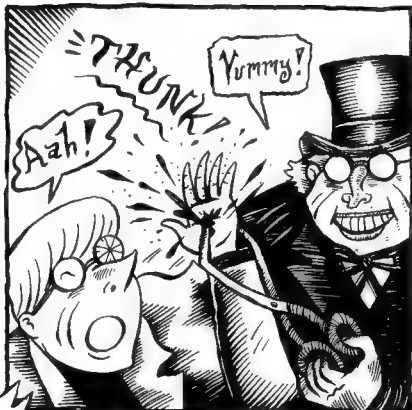
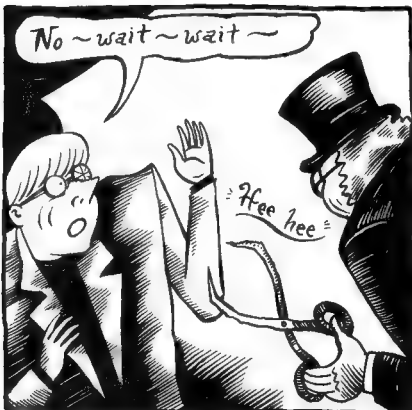
Hey! Okay! I'm talking! Look~The manuscript is gone! Some local guy burned it up! But, listen, even if he hadn't there was nothing about you or your pals in it! Somebody named Ixnay just made that up! It was all a ruse to get you all together and off guard. You've got to believe me!



Oh, I do believe you. I had my suspicions. Alright, then ~ Muldavo ~ kill him and we can go home.

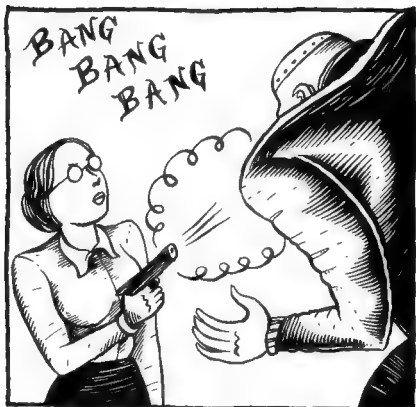


No~wait~wait~



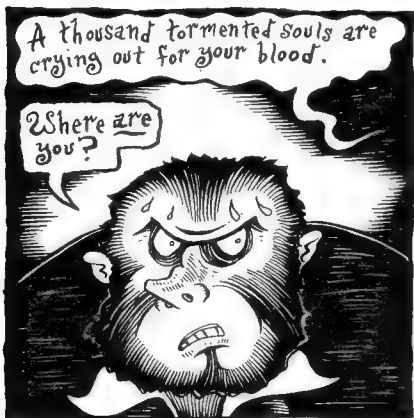
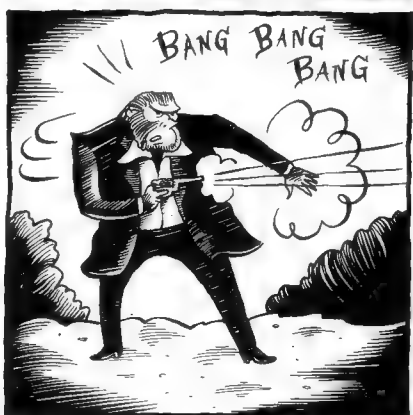
Urk...=gasp=?  
Mandrill?  
Avenge... me...  
Avenge... me...





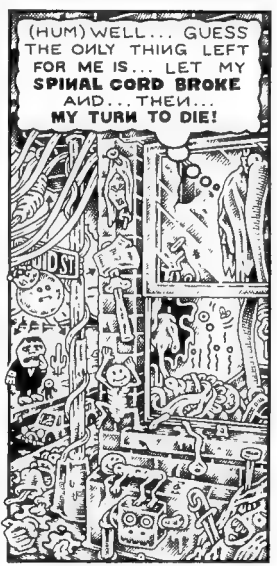
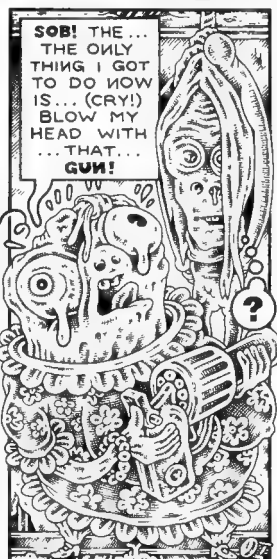
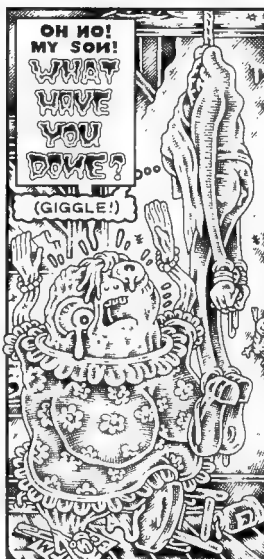
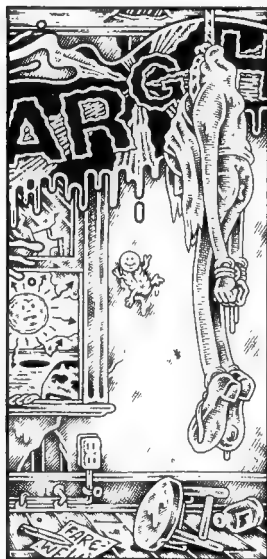


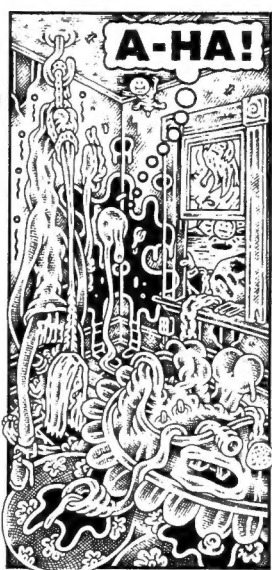




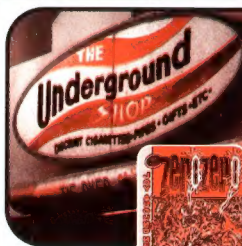


to be continued









## Ordering info

All the items listed on this page can be ordered from:

**FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS,**  
7563 Lake City Way NE,  
Seattle, WA 98115.

(All back issues of ZERO ZERO are \$3.95 except for #8, which is \$5.95.) Just add \$3.00 shipping to any size order (except for a subscription, which is \$18.95, \$20.95 outside the U.S., for five issues). Mail your order to the above address — or, if you have a Visa or MasterCard, call it in at 800-657-1100.

Even if you don't have any money, write us and we'll send you a **BRAND NEW** full-color catalogue of all the things you can't afford to buy!

### Next Issue



#### 1 ZEROZERO1

(March/April 1995)

The 60-page premiere issue starts off with a hilarious GARY PANTER cover. TED STEARN premieres "Fuzz and Pluck," PAT MORRIS and CHARLES BUKOWSKI team up, FRANK STACK brings back Jesus for a new adventure, DAVID HOLZMAN silently tells of "The Man With the Big Head," HENRIETTE VALIUM

#### 3 ZEROZERO3

(July 1995)

SKIP WILLIAMSON and RICK ALTERGOTT make their 22 debuts, FRANK STACK's "Jesus" bows out, plus MAX ANDERSSON's pantomime strip "Lolita," Plus NEWGARDEN, COLLIER, "Whatst," "Fuzz and Pluck," DAVID SANDLINE "Sign of the Apocalypse!"

#### 6 ZEROZERO6

(Nov/Dec. 1995)

KIM DETICH premieres "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare!" Plus "Fuzz and Pluck," "Whatst," DAVID COLLIER, SKIP WILLIAMSON, PENNY MORAN, VAN HORN, GLENN HEAD, and a full-color back cover by RICK ALTERGOTT.

#### 9 ZEROZERO9

(May/June 1996)

SKIP WILLIAMSON takes a trip down thuggy lane! Virgin ZZ buyers from SAM HENDERSON, STEPHANE BLANQUET, and the trippy duo of SUSAN CATHERINE "Oscar Zarate," plus "Whatst," COLLIER, and a HENRIETTE VALIUM back cover.

#### 12 ZEROZERO12

(Sept/Oct. 1996)

MAX ANDERSSON returns with "Death's," his biggest story since Play! R. REVESS and JOAQUIM PARNAN make their 22 debuts! All this plus COLLIER, COOPER, DOUSAN, and SALA, and a back cover by none-other-than DAN CLOWES!

#### 4 ZEROZERO4

(August 1995)

"Meet Bob" by KAZ and GERGARCAS debuts, plus COLLIER, a TED STEARN dream story, JEFF JOHNSON, CAROL TYLER, MAX ANDERSSON, MARK BEIER, back cover, plus AL COLUMBIA's 2-color "I Was Killing When Killing Wasn't Cool!"

#### 7 ZEROZERO7

(Jan./Feb. 1996)

Special Christmas story by MAX ANDERSSON, 8-page "Breathe World" by BILL GRIFFITH, "Molly's" middle chapter by DETICH, plus ALBERT HERNANDEZ, ANDER PREWITT, and all "Apocalypse" back cover by DAVE COLLIER.

#### 10 ZEROZERO10

(July 1996)

DREW FREEDMAN covers! Eight pages of HENRIETTE VALIUM! New "Monroe" story by SAM HENDERSON! Plus, a SKIP WILLIAMSON back cover, a "Car-Gay" story by MAX ANDERSSON, JEFF JOHNSON, DAVE COLLIER, ALEXANDAR ZOGRAFF, "Homunculus," & "Whatst."

#### 13 ZEROZERO13

(Nov/Dec. 1996)

Big, big chapter of "Fuzz and Pluck," ALAN, SAM HENDERSON's "Secret Avenue," GUY WILLIAMSON's "Suddsday Things Turned Ugly," plus "Homunculus," "Whatst," COLLIER, JIM BLANCHARD back cover, and the return of "Isotand" by ROGER ALLEN!

#### 2 ZEROZERO2

(May/June 1995)

RICHARD SALA debuts "The Chucking Whatst!" MACK WHITE premieres "Homunculus!" The first "Car-Gay" story by MAX ANDERSSON! SPAN sponsors the return of "Trash-mat" Plus DAVID MAZZUCHELLI in Japan, GLENN HEAD, MATSY, DAVID COLLIER, WAYNO, and more "Jesus" by FRANK STACK!

#### 5 ZEROZEROS

(Sept./Oct. 1995)

JOE COLEMAN covers! CHRIS WARE topsical! JUSTIN GREEN back cover! KIM DETICH, MAX ANDERSSON "Curses of the Cuddly Critics Factory," "Meet Bob," "Whatst," COLLIER, and "Homunculus."

#### 8 ZEROZEROS

(March/April 1996)

Big of anniversary issue, kicked off with a CHARLES BURNS cover, plus two-color "Sof' Boy" by ANDER PREWITT, "Whatst," and "Molly O'Dare," AL COLUMBIA, DAVID COLLIER, "Homunculus," TED STEARN, MIKE DANA, MAX ANDERSSON, VALIUM (centerfold)

#### 11 ZEROZERO11

(August 1996)

DAVE COOPER's epic "Crumple" begins with a big of 17-page chapter! Plus STEARN, SALA, KAZ, MAZZUCHELLI, ANDERSSON, COLLIER, and a back cover by ROY TOMPKINS!

#### 14 ZEROZERO14

(Jan./Feb. 1997)

STEPHANE BLANQUET covers, and the first two of many "Silent Stories!" MIKE DANA, TERRY LABANI Plus, of course, more "Whatst," more "Crumple," and a back cover by KIM DETICH!

The most frequent gripe I've encountered so far pertaining to ZERO ZERO—especially among critics, as opposed to readers, who seem generally pleased—is annoyance with the serials: "How're we supposed to remember what happened in 'Chuckling Whatst' from one issue to the next?" "Continued stories are a rip-off," etc. I'm not sure if this is just a minority of malcontents (what are critics other than paid malcontents?), or if there's a genuine widespread resistance to serialized stories... but my take on it is

this. First, in today's market, a story of the magnitude of, say, "The Chuckling Whatst," is near impossible to draw and publish in one lump. Second, the serial has been part and parcel of the comic-book (and, especially, comic-strip) format ever since it began—be it TERRY AND THE PIRATES, TINTIN, THE FANTASTIC FOUR, or Pat Murray's Mickey Mouse stories in WALT DISNEY'S COMICS AND STORIES—and has its own undeniable appeal. Third, I do regret the fact that we've had two major serials,

"Whatst!" and "Crumple," running concurrently since #11. That's a bit much, and is due to a scheduling miscalculation, both on my end and on Richard Sala's, I promise that once "Whatst!" ends, we'll wait until "Crumple" wraps up (in #19) too before starting up our next issue-to-issue serial—and we'll be presenting it in extra-large-thickness. (Since I'll be by either Max Anderson or Kim Detich, I can't imagine anyone will complain.) And fourth, and most importantly... [out of room; continued next issue] —K.T.

IT'S THE 15TH SIGN OF THE IMPENDING APOCALYPSE!

# Walpurgisnacht '97

HEY KIDS! How would YOU like to toast your blind and murderous hatred for all mankind by participating in a carnival of black ceremonies with amorphous hobgoblins and fiendish half-demons? You would? Well, you'll be glad to know that it is no longer necessary to be ensnared by a coven of deranged witches to experience the foulest and basest forms of human depravity! That's right! For the first time in over two thousand years, the Walpurgis festival is welcoming scum of all shapes and sizes to make their way into the streets of Tweedilly for an exalted celebration of personal freedom WITHOUT MORAL CONSEQUENCE! Sapless phantoms and licorice libertines! Nasty mandragores with shocking deformities! Come one, come ALL to Walpurgisnacht! The most damnable brouhaha how-de-do of uninhabited jollification this side of pandemonium.





